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GRANITE
SONGSTER

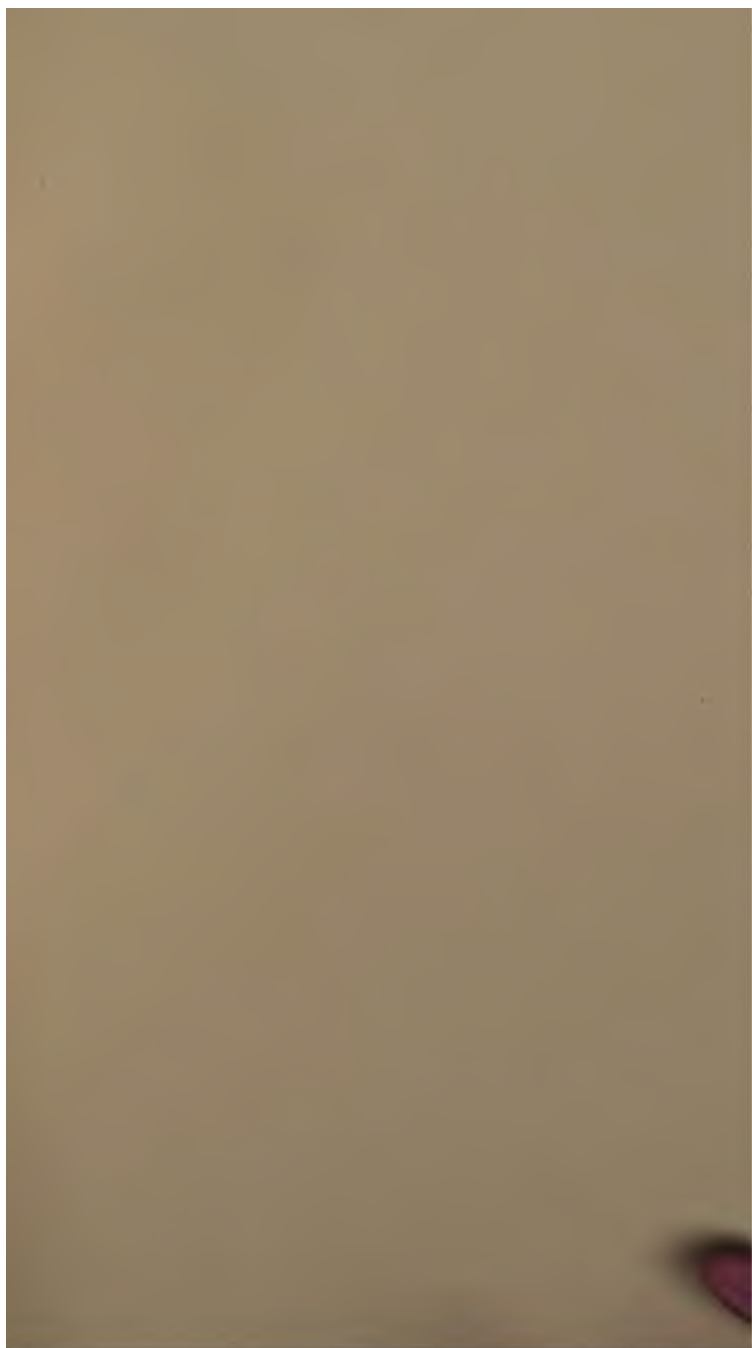
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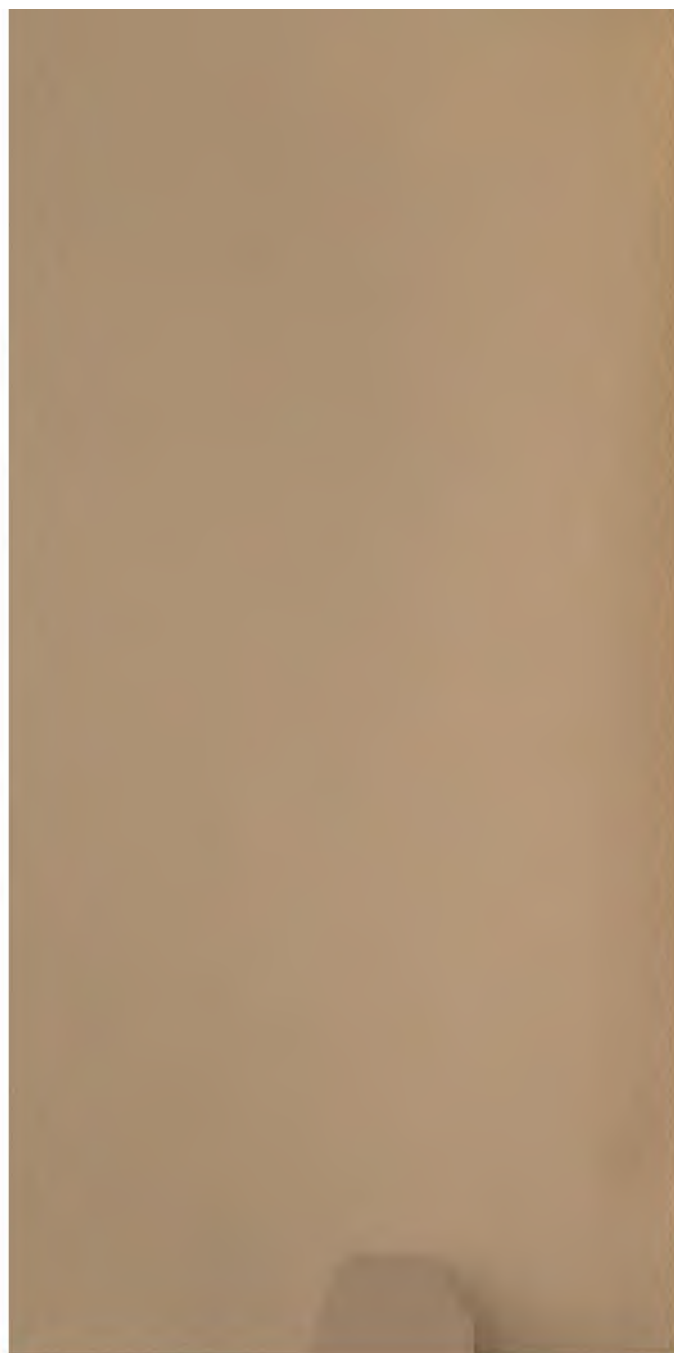
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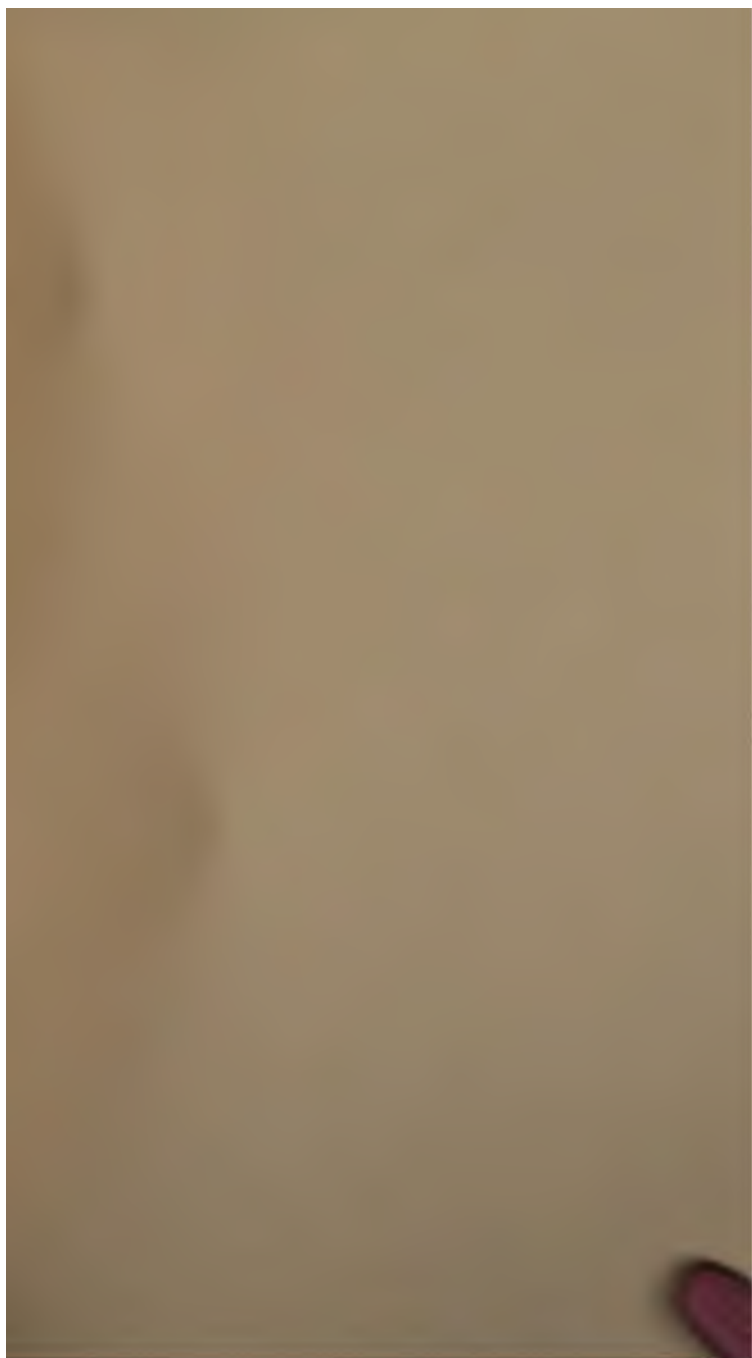
1918













THE
GRANITE SONGSTER;

COMPRISING THE
SONGS OF THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY,
WITHOUT THE MUSIC.

BOSTON:
A. B. HUTCHINSON.
NEW-YORK: CHARLES HOLT, JR. MUSIC PUBLISHER,
156 Fulton Street, 2d door from Broadway.

1847.

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SNOWDEN AND PRALL, Printers,

No. 60 Vesey Street, N. Y.

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THE GRANITE SONGSTER.

THE OLD GRANITE STATE.*

WORDS BY JESSE HUTCHINSON, JR.—FIRST VERSION.

(By permission of the Publisher, Oliver Ditson.)

We have come from the mountains,
We have come from the mountains,
We have come from the mountains,
Of the old Granite State.
We're a band of brothers,
We're a band of brothers,
We're a band of brothers,
And we live among the hills;
With a band of music,
With a band of music,
With a band of music,
We are passing round the world.

We have left our aged parents,
We have left our aged parents,
We have left our aged parents,
In the old Granite State.
We obtained their blessing,
We obtained their blessing,
We obtained their blessing,
And we bless them in return.

*A significant appellation given to New Hampshire, one of the New England States, which abounds with numerous hills and mountains, and is proverbial throughout the Union for its inexhaustible quarries of beautiful granite stone. Hence the name of the "Granite State."

THE GRANITE SONGSTER.

Good old fashioned singers,
 Good old fashioned singers,
 Good old fashioned singers.
 They can make the air resound.

We have eight other brothers,
 And of sisters just another,
 Besides our father and our mother,
 In the old Granite State.
 With our present number,
 With our present number,
 With our present number,
 There are fifteen in the tribe,
 Thirteen sons and daughters,
 Thirteen sons and daughters,
 Thirteen sons and daughters,
 And their history we bring.

Yes, while the air is ringing,
 With our wild mountain singing,
 We the news to you are bringing,
 From the old Granite State.
 'Tis the tribe of Jesse,
 'Tis the tribe of Jesse,
 'Tis the tribe of Jesse,
 And their several names we sing.

David, Noah, Andrew, Zepha,
 Caleb, Joshua, and Jesse,
 Judson, Rhoda, John, and Asa;
 And Abby are our names.
 We're the sons of Mary,
 Of the tribe of Jesse,
 And we now address ye,
 With our native mountain song.

We are all real Yankees,
 From the old Granite State,
 And by prudent *guessing*,
 We shall *whittle* through the world.

Liberty is our motto,
 Liberty is our motto,
 Liberty is our motto,
 In the old Granite State.
 We despise oppression,
 We despise oppression,
 We despise oppression,
 And we cannot be enslaved.

We're the friends of emancipation,
 And we'll sing the proclamation,
 Till it echoes through our nation,
 From the old Granite State,
 That the tribe of Jesse,
 That the tribe of Jesse,
 That the tribe of Jesse,
 Are the friends of equal rights.

We are all Washingtonians,
 We are all Washingtonians,
 We are all Washingtonians,
 Of the old Granite State.
 We are all teetotallers,
 We are all teetotallers,
 We are all teetotallers,
 And have all signed the pledge.

Now three cheers altogether,
 Shout Columbia people ever,
 Yankee hearts none can sever,
 In the old Granite State.
 Like our sires before us,
 We will swell the chorus,
 Till the heavens o'er us,
 Shall rebound the loud huzza!
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

WE'RE WITH YOU ONCE AGAIN.

SONG OF THE WANDERER.

(*Set to music by Oliver Ditson, Washington st., Boston.*)

We're with you once again, kind friends,
 No more our footsteps roam;
 Where it began, our journey ends,
 Amid the scenes of home.
 No other clime has skies so blue,
 Or streams so broad and clear;
 And where are hearts so warm and true
 As those that meet us here?

Since last, with spirits wild and free,
 We pressed our native strand,
 We've wandered many miles at sea,
 And many miles on land;

We've seen all nations of the earth,
Of every hue and tongue,
Which taught us how to prize the worth
Of that from which we sprung.

Our native land we turn to you,
With blessings and with prayer,
Where man is brave and woman true,
And free as mountain air;
No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear,
And where are hearts so warm and true
As those that meet us here?

COME, COME AWAY.

A SOCIAL GLEE OR CHORUS.

Oh, come, come away, from labor now reposing
Let busy cares awhile forbear;

Oh, come, come away.
Come, come, our social joys renew,
And there where trust and friendship grew,
Let true hearts welcome you.

Oh, come, come away.

From toil and the cares, on which the day is closing,
The hour of eve brings sweet reprieve,

Oh, come, come away.
Oh, come where love will smile on thee,
And round its hearth will gladness be,
And time flies merrily,

Oh, come, come away.

While sweet Philomel the weary traveller cheering,
With evening songs, her note prolongs,

Oh, come, come away.
In answering songs of sympathy,
We'll sing in tuneful harmony,
Of hope, joy, liberty.

Oh, come, come away.

The bright day is gone, the moon and stars appearing,
With silver light, illumine the night;

Oh, come, come away.
Come join your prayers with ours; address
Kind heaven our peaceful homes to bless,
With health, hope, happiness.

Oh, come, come away.

THE COT WHERE WE WERE BORN.

(Set to music and published by Firth, Hall & Pond, No. 1 Franklin Square, New York.)

We stood upon the mountain height,
And viewed the valleys o'er;
The sun's last ray with mellow light,
Illum'd the distant shore:
We gazed with rapture on the scene
Where first in youth's bright morn,
We play'd where near us stood serene
The cot where we were born.

'Twas there that first a mother's smile
Lit up our hearts with joy;
That smile can yet our cares beguile,
As when a prattling boy;
Though changes many we have seen,
Since childhood's sunny morn,
Yet deep in memory still has been
The cot where we were born.

O never till the stream of life
Shall cease to ebb and flow,
And earthly sorrow with its strife
These hearts shall cease to know:
Can we forget the spot so dear,
As that we sometimes mourn,
Beside the brook which runs so clear,
The cot where we were born.

EXCELSIOR.

BY CONSENT OF THE AUTHOR, H. W. LONGFELLOW.

This poem represents the continued aspirations of Genius. Its motto, "EXCELSIOR" (still higher!) to the multitude is a word in an unknown tongue. Disregarding the every day comforts of life, the allurements of love, and the warnings of experience, it presses forward on its solitary path. Even in death it holds fast its device, and a voice from the air proclaims the progress of the soul in a higher sphere.

(Set to music and published by Firth, Hall & Pond, N. Y.)

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth who bore, mid snow and ice,
A banner with this strange device—EXCELSIOR!

His brow was sad, his eye beneath
 Flashed like a faulchion from its sheath;
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue—EXCELSIOR!

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
 And from his lips escaped a groan—EXCELSIOR!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said,
 "Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
 And loud that clarion voice replied—EXCELSIOR!

"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
 Thy weary head upon this breast!"
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
 But still he answered with a sigh—EXCELSIOR!

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch!
 Beware the awful avalanche!"
 This was the peasant's last good-night;
 A voice replied far up the height—EXCELSIOR!

At break of day, as heavenward
 The pious monks of Saint Bernard
 Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
 A voice cried through the startled air—EXCELSIOR!

A traveller by the faithful hound
 Half buried in the snow was found,
 Still grasping in his hand of ice
 That banner with the strange device—EXCELSIOR!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
 Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
 And from the sky, serene and far,
 A voice fell like a fleeting star—EXCELSIOR!

THE INDIAN HUNTER.

WORDS BY ELIZA COOK—MUSIC BY RUSSELL.

(Set to music and published by T. J. Marsh, Boston.)

Why does the white man follow my path
 Like the hound on the tiger's track;
 Does the flush on my dark cheek waken his wrath,
 Does he covet the bow on my back?

There are rivers and seas, where the billow and breeze
 Bear riches for him alone,
 And the sons of the wood never plunge in that flood
 Which the white man calls his own.
 Then why should he come to the streams where none
 But the red-skin dares to swim?
 Why, why should he wrong the hunter one,
 Who never did harm to him.
 Ya ah, ya ah, &c.

The Father above thought fit to give
 The white man corn and wine;
 There are golden fields where they may live,
 But the forest shades are mine.
 The eagle hath its place of rest,
 The wild horse where to dwell;
 And the spirit that gave the bird its nest,
 Made me a home as well.
 Then back, go back, from the red man's track,
 For the hunter's eye grows dim;
 To think that the white man wrongs the one
 Who never did harm to him.
 Ya ah, ya ah, ya ah.

THE OLD SEXTON.

WORDS BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Nigh to a grave that was early made,
 Leaned a Sexton old, on his earth worn spade;
 His work was done, and he paused to wait,
 The funeral train through the open gate.
 A relict of by-gone days was he,
 And his locks were white as the foamy sea;
 And these words came from his lips so thin,
 I gather them in, I gather them in.

I gather them in for man and boy,
 Year after year of grief and joy,
 I've builded the houses that lie around,
 In every nook of this burial ground.
 Mother and daughter, father and son,
 Come to my solitude one by one;
 But come they strangers or come they kin,
 I gather them in, I gather them in.

Many are with me, but still I'm alone ;
 I'm king of the dead, and I make my throne
 On a monument slab of marble cold,
 And my sceptre of rule, is the spade I hold.
 Come they from cottage, or come they from hall,
 Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all ;
 Let them loiter in pleasure, or toilfully spin,
 I gather them in, I gather them in.

I gather them in, and their final rest
 Is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast ;
 And the Sexton ceased for the funeral train
 Wound mutely o'er that solemn plain,
 And I said to my heart, when time is told,
 A mightier voice than that Sexton's of old,
 Will sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din,
 I gather them in, I gather them in.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

BY CONSENT OF THE AUTHOR, G. P. MORRIS, ESQ.

This book is all that's left me now,
 Tears will unbidden start ;
 With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
 I press it to my heart.

My father read this holy book,
 To brothers, sisters, dear ;
 How calm was my poor mother's look,
 Who learned God's word to hear.

Her angel face I see it yet,
 What vivid memory come ;
 Again that little group is met,
 Within the halls of home.

For many generations past,
 Here is our family tree ;
 My mother's hands this bible clasp'd,
 She dying gave it me.

Ah, well do I remember those,
 Whose names these records bear ;
 Who round the hearthstone used to close,
 After the evening prayer.

And speak of what those pages said,
 In tones my heart would thrill ;
 Though they are with the silent dead,
 Here are they living still.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
 Thy constancy I've tried ;
 When all were false I found thee true,
 My counsellor and guide.

The mines of earth no treasure give,
 That could this volume buy ;
 In teaching me the way to live,
 It taught me how to die.

GET OFF THE TRACK.

RAILWAY SONG—WORDS BY JESSE HUTCHINSON, JR.

Words composed and adapted to a slave melody, advocating the emancipation of the slaves, and illustrating the onward progress of the anti-slavery cause in the United States.

(Published by Henry Prentiss, Boston.)

Ho! the car emancipation,
 Rides majestic through our nation,
 Bearing on its train the story,
LIBERTY! a nation's glory.
 Roll it along! roll it along!
 Roll it along! through the nation,
 Freedom's car, Emancipation.

Men of various predilections,
 Frightened, run in all directions,
 Merchants, Editors, Physicians,
 Lawyers, Priests, and politicians,
 Get out of the way! every station,
 Clear the track, Emancipation.

Let the ministers and churches
 Leave behind sectarian lurches,
 Jump on board the car of freedom,
 Ere it be too late to need them.
 Sound the alarm! pulpits thunder,
 Ere too late you see your blunder.

All true friends of emancipation,
 Haste to freedom's railway station,
 Quick into the cars get seated;
 All is ready and completed.
 "Put on steam!" all are crying,
 While the liberty flags are flying.

Hear the mighty car-wheels humming;
 Now, look out! the engine's coming!
 Church-and-statesmen, hear the thunder,
 Clear the track, or you'll fall under.
 Get off the track! all are singing
 While the "*Liberty Bell*" is ringing.

On, triumphant, see them bearing,
 Through sectarian rubbish tearing;
 The bell, and whistle, and the steaming,
 Startle thousands from their dreaming.
 Look out for the cars! while the bell rings,
 Ere the sound your funeral knell rings.

See the people run to meet us!
 At the stations thousands greet us;
 All take seats with exultation,
 In the car, Emancipation,
 Huzza! huzza! Emancipation,
 Soon will bless our happy nation.

HAVE FAITH IN ONE ANOTHER.

(INSERTED BY REQUEST OF A. B. HUTCHINSON.)

Have faith in one another,
 When you meet in friendship's name;
 In the true friend is a brother,
 And his heart should throb the same.
 Though your path through life may differ,
 Since the hours when first ye met;
 Have faith in one another,
 You may need that friendship yet.

Have faith in one another,
 When ye whisper love's fond vow;
 It will not be always summer,
 Nor be always bright as now.
 And when wintry clouds hang o'er thee,
 If some kindred heart ye share,
 And have faith in one another,
 Oh! ye never shall despair.

Have faith in one another,
 And let honor be your guide ;
 And let truth alone be spoken,
 Whatever may betide.
 The false may reign a season,
 And oh ! doubt not that it will ;
 But have faith in one another,
 And the truth shall triumph still.

THE MOUNTAINEER.

BY J. H. WARLAND.

*(By permission of the proprietor of the copyright, Charles H. Keith,
 Boston.)*

'Tis I am the Mountaineer,
 My kingdom's the greenwood free,
 My subjects the wild bird and deer,
 My palace the spreading tree ;
 I climb up the craggy mountain,
 And inhale its balmy airs,
 I drink at the sparkling fountain,
 And laugh at the world and its cares.
 For I am the Mountaineer, ha ! ha !

My throne is the bleak rock riven,
 Where the Eagle builds her nest ;
 'Mid the dark cloud tempest driven,
 O'er the mountain's lordly crest.
 Let the world jog on as it may,
 Oh, where's the home like mine,
 I can laugh at its cares till I'm gray,
 Under the oak and mountain pine.
 For 'tis I am the Mountaineer, ha ! ha !

My sceptre's the rifle dearer
 Than fairest bride ever won,
 Pray what to the heart can be nearer
 Than the voice of the cracking gun.
 It sings along the echoing crags,
 With its music wild and free,
 And we laugh at the world however it wags,
 My mountain home for me.
 For 'tis I am the Mountaineer, ha ! ha !

I hear the anthem grand and deep,
 Which swells o'er my palace high,
 'Mid the thunders roll and the tempests sweep,
 As the bolts around me fly.
 I laugh at the storms whose ceaseless din,
 Gives the world without no rest,
 For my heart it is all peace within,
 My home on the mountain crest.
 For 'tis I am the Mountaineer.

THE SLAVE'S APPEAL.

WORDS BY JESSE HUTCHINSON, JR.

Over the mountain, and over the moor,
 Comes the sad wailing of many a poor slave;
 The father, the mother, and children are poor,
 And they grieve for the day their freedom to have,
 Pity, kind gentlemen, friends of humanity,
 Cold is the world to the cries of God's poor,
 Give us our freedom, ye friends of equality,
 Give us our rights, for we ask nothing more.
 Call us not indolent, vile and degraded,
 White men have robbed us of all we hold dear;
 Parents and children, the young and the aged,
 Are scourged by the lash of the rough overseer.
 Pity, kind gentlemen, &c.
 And God in his mercy shall crown your endeavors,
 The glory of heaven shall be your reward;
 The promise of Jesus to you shall be given,
 "Enter, ye faithful, the joy of your Lord."
 Then pity, kind gentlemen, &c.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

(Words used by permission of the publisher, Geo. P. Reed, No. 17 Tremont Row, Boston.)

Portraying the feelings of an Irish Peasant previous to his leaving home; calling up the scenes of his earlier days, under the painful reflection of having buried his wife and child; and what his feelings will be in America.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
 Where we sat side by side,
 On a bright May morning, long ago,
 When first you were my bride.

The corn was springing fresh and green,
 And the lark sang loud and high,
 And the red was on thy lip, Mary,
 And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
 The day as bright as then,—
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,
 And the corn is green again.
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
 And your breath warm on my cheek,
 And I still kept listening for the words
 You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
 And the little church stands near—
 The church where we were wed, Mary,
 I see the spire from here.
 But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
 And my step might break your rest,
 For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
 With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely, now, Mary,
 For the poor make no new friends;
 But oh! they love thee better far,
 The few our Father sends;
 And *you* were all I had, Mary,
 My blessing and my pride.
 There's nothing left to care for, now,
 Since my poor Mary died.

THE LORDS OF CREATION.

The Lords of Creation men we call,
 And they think they rule the whole,
 But they're much mistaken after all,
 For they're under woman's control.
 As ever since the world began,
 It has always been the way,
 For did not Adam, the very first man,
 The very first woman obey.

Ye Lords, who at present hear my song,
 I know you will quickly say,
 Our size's more large, our nerves more strong,
 Shall the stronger the weaker obey.
 But think not though these words we hear,
 We shall ne'er mind a word you say,
 For as long as a woman's possessed of a tear,
 Your power will vanish away.

But should there be so strange a wight,
 As not to be moved by a tear;
 Though much astonished at the sight,
 We shall still have nothing to fear.
 Then let them please themselves awhile,
 Upon their fancied sway,
 For as long as a woman's possessed of a smile,
 She will certainly have her own way.

Now ladies, since I've made it plain,
 That the thing is really so;
 We'll even let them hold the rein,
 But we'll show them the way to go.
 As ever since the world began,
 It has ever been the way,
 And we'll manage it so that the very last man,
 Shall the very last woman obey.

THE MILLENIUM.

WORDS BY C. HUTCHINSON.

(Music composed by Joshua Hutchinson.)

What do I see? ah! look, behold
 That glorious day by prophets told,
 Has dawn'd, and now is near;
 Methinks I hear from yonder plain,
 With shouts of gladness loud proclaim,
 The millennium is here.

See freedom's star that shines so bright,
 It sheds its rays of truth and light,
 O'er mountain, rock, and sea;

And like the mighty march of mind,
Has sought and blest all human-kind,
And set the bondman free.

No dungeons, chains, or gibbets, here ;
No groans of prisoners in despair,
Are heard to mar the scene :
But *peace*, as once on Bethlehem's plain,
By Angels sang, has come again,
And earth is all serene.

In that vast crowd, no high, no low,
Distinction and complexions now
Are passed and known no more.
On one broad level see them stand,
The millions who compose this Band,
With strains, most glorious, pour.

The voice of war is heard no more,
The cannon with its deadly roar
Is hushed in silence now ;
All implements of death you see
Are changed, from war to husbandry,
The " pruning hook " and plow.

Salvation to our God proclaim,
This is the glorious, peaceful reign,
The nations now shall know,
The kingdoms of this world are given
To Christ the Lord of earth and heaven,
Predicted long ago.

KING ALCOHOL.

*(By permission of the proprietor of the copyright, Oliver Ditson,
Boston, Mass.)*

WORDS BY JESSE HUTCHINSON, JR.—TUNE—KING ANDREW.

King Alcohol has many forms
By which he catches men ;
He is a beast of many horns,
And ever thus has been.
For there's Rum, and Gin, and Beer, and Wine,
And Brandy of logwood hue ;

And Hock, and Port, and Flip combined,
 To make a man look look blue.
 He says be merry, for here's good Sherry,
 And Tom and Jerry, Champagne and Perry,
 And spirits of every hue.
 O, are not these a fiendish crew
 As ever a mortal knew;
 O, are not these a fiendish crew
 As ever a mortal knew.

King Alcohol is very sly,
 A liar from the first;
 He'll make you drink until you're dry,
 Then drink because you thirst.
 For there's Rum, &c.

King Alcohol has had his day,
 His kingdom's crumbling fast;
 His votaries are heard to say,
 Our tumbling days are past.
 For there's no Rum, &c.

The shout of Washingtonians
 Is heard on every gale;
 They're chanting now the victory
 O'er cider, beer, and ale.
 For there's no Rum, nor Gin nor Beer, nor Wine,
 Nor Brandy of any hue,
 Nor Hock, nor Port, nor Flip combined,
 To make a man get blue.
 And now they're merry, without their Sherry,
 Or Tom and Jerry, Champagne and Perry,
 Or spirits of every hue.
 And now they are a temperance crew,
 As ever a mortal knew;
 And now they are a temperance crew,
 And have given the devil his due.

GOOD MORNING.

Day is breaking o'er the hills,
 Dancing on the little rills;
 Rouse ye then my brothers all,
 Cheerily to each other call,
 Good morning, good morning.

Now we sing our morning song,
 We have sung it oft and long;
 Every morn 'tis fresh and new,
 As yon pearly, sparkling dew,
 Good morning, good morning.

THE SNOW STORM.

WORDS BY SEBA SMITH.

(The following words are set to music and published by Oliver Ditson, Boston, Mass.)

In the month of December 1841, a Mr. Blake, with his wife and an infant, was passing over the Green Mountains of Vermont in a sleigh, the drifting snow rendered it impossible for the horse to proceed, and Mr. B. set off on foot in search of assistance, and perished in the storm. The mother alarmed (as is supposed) at his long absence went in quest of him with the infant in her arms. She was found in the morning, dead, a short distance from the sleigh. The child was wrapped in her cloak, and survived the perils of the storm.

The cold wind swept the mountain's height,
 And pathless was the dreary wild,
 And 'mid the cheerless hours of night,
 A mother wandered with her child,
 As through the drifted snow she press'd,
 The babe was sleeping on her breast, &c.

And colder still the winds did blow,
 And darker hours of night comes on,
 And deeper grew the drifts of snow—
 Her limbs were chill'd, her strength was gone.
 "O, God!" she cried in accents wild,
 "If I must perish, save my child," &c.

She stript her mantle from her breast,
 And bared her bosom to the storm;
 As round the child she wrapt the vest,
 Rejoiced to think that it was warm,
 With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
 And sunk upon a snowy bed, &c.

At dawn a traveller passed by,
 And saw her 'neath a snowy veil;

The frost of death was in her eye,
 Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale.
 He moved the robe from off the child;
 The babe looked up and sweetly smiled, &c.

CAPE ANN.

SUNG BY J. J. HUTCHINSON.

(Music published by Firth, Hall & Pond, New York.)

We hunted and we halloed,
 And the first thing we did find,
 Was a barn in the meadow,
 And that we left behind.
 Look ye there.
 One said it was the barn, but the other said nay;
 He said it was a Meeting House with the steeple blown away.

So we hunted and we halloed,
 And the next thing we did find,
 Was the moon in the element,
 And that we left behind.
 Look ye there.
 One said it was the moon, but the other said nay,
 He said it was a Yankee cheese with the half cut away.

So we hunted and we halloed,
 And the next thing we did find,
 Was the frog in the mill pond,
 And that we left behind.
 Look ye there.
 One said it was a frog, the other said nay,
 He said it was a canary bird with his feathers washed away.

So we hunted and we halloed,
 And the next thing we did find,
 Was the light house on Cape Ann,
 And that we left behind.
 Look ye there.
 One said it was the light house, but the other said nay,
 He said it was a sugar loaf with the paper blown away.

So we hunted and we halloed,
 And the last thing we did find,

Was the owl in the olive bush,
 And that we left behind,
 Look ye there.
 One said it was an owl, but the other said nay,
 He said it was the evil one, and we all three ran away.

AXES TO GRIND.

(Published by Firth, Hall & Pond, New York.)

Since my musical powers you're determined to tax,
 I'll sing you a song about grinding an axe;
 Though simple my story yet listen a minute,
 And you'll find a very deep moral within it.
 Ri tu di nu ri tu di nu ri tu di nu ri nu di na.

A young country scholar stood sucking his thumb,
 When a journeyman carpenter unto him come;
 With an axe on his shoulder he wished for to grind,
 But he couldn't tell where a grindstone to find.
 Ri tu di nu, &c.

He asked simple Hodge if a grindstone he'd got,
 Hodge nodded and ran for the watering pot;
 That's right quoth the carpenter now you shall learn,
 As you are a fine fellow a grindstone to turn.
 Ri tu di nu, &c.

Hodge turned till his hands were all blistered and sore,
 And he thought that the carpenter would ne'er give o'er;
 But expecting some little reward for to gain,
 He kept turning, and turning, with might and main.
 Ri tu di nu, &c.

At last it was sharpened as sharp as could be,
 When the carpenter spoke, "you young rascal," says he,
 "You've been playing the truant so get off to school,
 Or, I'll dust your jacket you idle young fool."
 Ri tu di nu, &c.

As we journey through life we very oft find,
 A great many people who have axes to grind;
 Who will flatter and coax you with sweet word and smile,
 To do them a good turn by turning awhile.
 Ri tu di nu, &c.

When people begin in their round-about ways,
 To call you good fellow, deceive you and praise;
 Remember my story and call to your mind,
 That these are the people who have axes to grind.
 Ri tu di nu, &c.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME.

MUSIC COMPOSED AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS ELMEN
 ROGERS.

(Set to music and published by Oliver Ditson, Boston.)

Ah, why from our own native home did we part?
 With its mountains and vallies so dear to each heart;
 Ah, why did we leave the enjoyments of home,
 O'er the wide waste of waters, strangers to roam.

For oft have we roamed in a far distant clime,
 And have been in the land of the orange and lime,
 And my footsteps are printed on many a shore,
 Where the sea loudly breaks with a deep sullen roar.

New-England! thou land of the brave and the free,
 Our country and home, we are looking to thee,
 And we've long'd for the day when again we shall stand
 On thy rude sandy soil, but our own native land.

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY JOSHUA HUTCHINSON.

Oh, call my brother back to me,
 I cannot play alone;
 The Summer hath its flower and bee,
 Where is my brother gone?
 The butterfly is glancing bright
 Across the sunbeams track;
 I care not now to chase its flight,
 Oh, call my brother back.

He would not bear my voice fair child,
 He may not come to thee;
 That face that once like spring tide smiled,
 On earth no more thou'lt see.
 A rose's brief bright life of joy,
 Such unto him was given;
 Go, thou must play alone, my boy,
 Thy brother is in heaven.

And has he left his bird and flowers,
 And must I call in vain?
 And through the long, long summer hours,
 Will he not come again?
 And by the brook and in the glade,
 Are all our wanderings o'er?
 Oh, while my brother with me played,
 Would I had loved him more.

And he has left his bird and flowers,
 And thou must call in vain;
 And through the long, long summer hours,
 He will not come again;
 And by the brook and in the glade,
 Your wanderings all are o'er,
 Oh, while thy brother with thee played,
 Would thou hadst loved him more.

THE BURIAL OF MRS. JUDSON.

At St. Helena, Sept. 1, 1845.

WRITTEN BY A. S. WASHBURN, ESQ.—COMPOSED BY L. HEATH.

Mournfully, tenderly,
 Bear on the dead;
 Where the warrior has lain,
 Let the Christian be laid!
 No place more befitting,
 O, Rock of the Sea,
 Never such treasure
 Was hidden in thee.

Mournfully, tenderly,
 Solemn and slow;
 Tears are bedewing
 The path as ye go—

Kindred and strangers
 Are mourners to day,
 Gently, so gently,
 O, bear her away.

Mournfully, tenderly
 Gaze on that brow,
 Beautiful is it
 In quietude now,
 One look, and then settle
 The loved to her rest,
 The ocean beneath her
 The turf on her breast.

So have ye buried her,
Up and depart,
To life and to duty,
With undismayed heart;
Fear not for the love
Of the stranger will keep,
The casket that lies
In the rock of the deep.

Peace, peace to thy bosom,
Thou servant of God!
The vale thou art treading
Thou hast before trod;
Precious dust thou hast laid
By the Hopia tree,
And treasures as precious
In the Rock of the Sea.

THE VULTURE OF THE ALPS.

WORDS BY A. S. WASHBURN, ESQ.—MUSIC BY J. J. HUTCHINSON.

(Published by Firth, Hall & Pond, New York.)

I've been among the mighty Alps and wandered through their vales;
And heard the honest Mountaineers relate their thrilling tales.
'Twas there, I from a shepherd heard a narrative of fear,
A tale to rend a parent's heart, which mothers might not hear;
One still and cloudless Sabbath morn, the sun was rising high,
When from my children on the green I heard a fearful cry,
As if some awful deed was done, a shriek of grief and pain,
A cry! I humbly pray, oh God! I ne'er may hear again.
A cry, &c.

I hurried out to learn the cause, but overwhelmed with fright,
My children shriek'd in wild dismay, when from my frenzied sight,
I missed the youngest of my babes the darling of my care,
But something caught my searching eyes slow moving through the air.
O! what a horrifying sight to meet a father's eye!
His infant made a Vulture's prey, in terror to descry!
To know, alas! with bursting heart, and with a maniac rave,
That human power could not avail that innocent to save.
That human, &c.

My infant stretched his little hands imploringly to me,
While struggling in the Vulture's grasp, all vainly to get free;
I heard his agonizing cries, as loud and long he screamed,
Until amid the azure skies a lessening spot he seemed;
The Vulture flapped his ponderous wings, as swift away he flew,
A mote upon the sun's broad disc, he seemed unto my view.
At length, I thought he check'd his speed, as if he would alight;
'Twas only a delusive thought, for all had vanished quite.

All search was vain, some years had passed that child was ne'er forgot,
 At length a daring hunter climbed a high secluded spot,
 From whence, upon a rugged crag the chamois never reached,
 He saw an infant's fleshless bones the elements had bleached.
 In haste I climbed that rugged cliff, I could not stay away,
 And there I found my infant's bones fast mouldering to decay—
 A tattered garment yet remained though torn to many a shred,
 The cap he wore that fatal morn, was still upon his head.

THE PAUPER'S FUNERAL.

There's a grim hearse horse in a jolly round trot,
 To the church yard a pauper is going, I wot,
 The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs,
 And, hark! to the dirge the sad driver sings.
 Rattle his bones, his bones, his bones, over the stones,
 He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns.

What a jolting and squeaking and splashing and din,
 The whip how it cracks the wheels how they spin;
 How the dirt right and left o'er the hedges is hurled,
 The pauper at length makes a noise in the world.
 Rattle his bones, &c.

Oh! where are the mourners? alas, there are none,
 He has left not a gap in the world, now he's gone;
 Not a tear in the eye of child, woman or man,
 To the grave with his carcase as fast as you can.
 Rattle his bones, &c.

But a truce to the strain, for my soul it is sad,
 To think that a heart in humanity clad,
 Should make like the beast such a desolate end,
 And depart from this life without leaving a friend.
 Bear softly his bones, over the stones,
 Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

WORDS BY JESSE HUTCHINSON, JR.

(Music published by C. Holt, Jr., New York.)

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly,
 "'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy;
 My floors are carpeted so nice, with velvet soft and clean,
 So just walk in, my little fly, and I'll treat you like a queen.
 Will you walk in Mr. Fly?"

"Why stand you in the cold without exposed to every storm,
When in my palace you will find a shelter snug and warm?
Full many a fly *I've taken* in from out the chilly rain,
And such attachments do they form, they ne'er go out again.
Will you walk in, Mr. Fly?"

"I love to gaze upon you now, you charming little fly,
Your golden wings and modest brow, your bright and flashing eye;
And then you sing your dulcet songs so merrily and so free,
I only wish you'd just hop in, and sing your songs to me.
Will you walk in, Mr. Fly?"

The silly fly with vaunting pride flew near the palace door,
So charm'd was he with flattering words he ne'er had heard before;
The spider bade him welcome in with wide extended arms,
And patting gently on his back he lavished him with charms.
"Will you walk in, Mr. Fly?"

And then the little silken cords were gently wove around,
Until within the spider's grasp the little fly was bound;
Too late he sought to fly away, but the spider held him fast,
And then he laughed "Ha! ha! my boy, I've caught you, sir, at last. }
Will you walk *out*, Mr. Fly?"

The moral here is very clear, and warns us to beware,
The lying and the flatt'ring tongue, which charms but to ensnare;
And when the tempter falsely says, "Thou shalt not surely die,"
Just call to mind the little song of the spider and the fly.
Will you *keep out*, Mr. Fly?"

HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

(By permission of the publisher—Geo. P. Reed, No. 17 Tremont Row, Boston.)

I remember how I lov'd her, when a little guiltless child
I saw her in the cradle, as she looked on me and smiled,
My cup of happiness was full, my joys words cannot tell,
And I bless'd the glorious giver "who doeth all things well."
And I bless'd, &c.

Months passed, that bud of promise was unfolding every hour,
I thought that earth had never smiled upon a fairer flower,
So beautiful, it well might grace the bower where angels dwell.
And waft the fragrance to His throne, "who doeth all things well."
And waft, &c.

Years ~~led~~, that little sister then, was dear as life to me,
 And wake in my unconscious heart, a wild idolatry,
 I worshiped at an earthly shrine, lured by some magic spell,
 Forgetful of the praise of Him "who doeth all things well."
 Forgetful of, &c.

That star went out in beauty, yet it shineth sweetly now,
 In the bright and darling coronet, that decks the Savior's brow,
 She bowed to the destroyer whose shafts none may repel,
 But we know, for God hath told us "He doeth all things well."
 But we know, &c.

I remember well my sorrow, as I stood beside her bed,
 And my deep and heartfelt anguish when they told me *she was dead*—
 And oh! that cup of bitterness let not my heart rebel;
 God gave, he took, he will restore—"He doeth all things well."
 God gave, &c.

THE MAY QUEEN.

FIRST PART.—POETRY BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Representing the May Queen full of joyousness and hope on the eve of May Day.

You must wake and call me early, call me early mother dear,
 To-morrow 'll be the happiest day of all the glad new year,
 Of all the glad new year, mother, the maddest, merriest day,
 For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
 If you do not call me loud, when the day begins to break,
 But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
 For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
 And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen,
 The shepherd lads on every side will come from far away,
 And I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,
 And by the meadow trenches blow the sweet, sweet cuckoo flowers,
 And the wild marsh marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows
 gray,
 And I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of May.

The night winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow grass;
 And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass,
 There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
 And I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of May.

So, you must wake and call me early, call me early mother dear,
 To-morrow 'll be the happiest day of all the glad new year;
 To-morrow 'll be, of all the year, the maddest, merriest day,
 For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of May.

THE MAY QUEEN.

SECOND PART.—POETRY BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

✱

MUSIC BY DEMPSTER.

New Year's Eve. Representing the May Queen in decline of health, and requesting her mother to call her to see the sun rise, a sight she never expects again to see.

If you're waking call me early, call me early mother dear,
 For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new year,
 It is the last new year that I shall ever see,
 Then lay me low in the mould and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set, he set and left behind,
 The good old year, the dear old time and all my peace of mind,
 And the new year's coming up mother, but I shall never see
 The blossom on the black thorn, the leaf upon the tree.

There's not a flower on all the hills, the frost is on the plain,
 I only wish to live till the snow drops come again;
 I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high,
 I long to see a flower grow before the day I die.

The building rook 'll caw from the windy, tall elm tree,
 And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
 And the swallow will come back again, with summer o'er the wave,
 But I shall be alone, mother, within the mould'ring grave.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
 And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lonely laid,
 I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass,
 With your feet about my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now,
 You'll kiss me, my own dear mother, upon my cheek and brow;
 Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,
 You should not fret for me, mother, you have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting place,
 Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face;
 Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
 And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

Good night, good night, when I have said good night for evermore,
 And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door;
 Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green,
 She'll be a better child to you than I have ever been.

Good night, sweet mother, call me before the day is born,
 All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn,
 But I would see the sun rise upon the glad new year,
 So, if you are waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

THE LIBERTY BALL.

WORDS BY JESSE HUTCHINSON, JR.

(Music published by Firth, Hall & Pond, N. Y.)

The liberty ball is rolling on,
 Rolling, rolling, rolling
 On with power,
 And all around we hear the call,
 The liberty ball, the liberty ball,
 The liberty ball, that conquers all,
 And with it we'll gather the free,
 Free, free, free, for liberty,
 And with it we'll gather the free.

Behold! the mighty power of suasion,
 Suasion, suasion, suasion,
 That conquers all;
 It bears along the liberty ball,
 The liberty ball that conquers all,
 The liberty ball that conquers all,
 And with it we'll gather the free,
 Free, free, free, from land and sea,
 And with it we'll gather the free.

We welcome here the honest farmers,
 Farmers, farmers, farmers,
 Mechanics and all,
 Come, help us roll the liberty ball,
 The liberty ball, the liberty ball,
 The liberty ball that conquers all,
 And with it we'll marshal the free,
 Free, free, free, from land and sea,
 And with it we'll marshal the free.

No longer shall we need our warriors,
 Warriors, warriors, warriors,
 Powder and ball,
 For love creates a mightier ball,
 'Tis the liberty ball that conquers all,
 'Tis the liberty ball that conquers all,
 And with it we'll marshal the free,
 Free, free, free, from land and sea,
 We'll mightily marshal the free.

The glorious jubilee is coming,
 Coming, coming, coming
 Swiftly on !
 When bondmen all shall leave their thrall,
 And join the call of the liberty ball,
 The liberty ball that conquers all,
 'Tis then we shall hear the hurrah,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
 Yea, then we shall hear the hurrah.

COLD WATER.

WORDS BY JESSE HUTCHINSON, JR.

All hail ! ye friends of temperance,
 Who're gathered here to night, sirs,
 To celebrate the praises of
 Cold water, pure and bright, sirs.
 We welcome you with joyful hearts
 Each generous son and daughter,
 For here's the place of all, to shout
 The praises of cold water.
 Oh ! cold water, pure cold water,
 Raise the shout, send it out,
 Shout for pure cold water.

Of all the blessed things below,
 Of our Creator's giving
 Assuaging almost every woe,
 And making life worth living,
 For old and young, for high and low,
 Yea every son and daughter,
 There's nothing as a beverage.
 Like sparkling pure cold water.
 Oh ! cold water, &c.

Oh ! if you would preserve your health
 And trouble never borrow,
 Just take the morning shower bath,
 'Twill drive away all sorrow.
 And then instead of drinking rum,
 As doth the poor besotter ;
 For health, long life, and happiness,
 Drink nothing but cold water.
 Oh ! cold water, &c.

Yes, water 'll cure most every ill,
 'Tis proved without assumption ;
 Dyspepsia, gout, and fevers, too,
 And sometimes old consumption.
 Your head-aches, side-aches, and *heart-aches* too,
 Which often cause great slaughter ;
 Can all be cured by drinking oft
 And bathing in cold water.
 Oh ! cold water, &c.

Full eight or a hundred years or more—
 These truths have been before us,
 And yet have blind delusive clouds,
 Seemed madly hovering o'er us.
 The lep'rous men of Judea, and lame who scarce
 could totter,
 Were cured of all their maladies
 In Jordan's healing water.
 Oh ! cold water, &c.

But great reforms are going on
 'Mong every class and station,
 And better days are *dawning* on—
 The rising generation.
 Though Alcohol has had his day
 And great has been his slaughter,
 He's now retreating in dismay,
 And victory crowns cold water.
 Oh ! cold water, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

(Music published by Firth, Hall & Pond, No. 1 Franklin Square.)

The clock told at night the hour of one,
The muffled drum was rolling ;
And the castle bell sent from its tower of stone
The sound of its heavy tolling.
Many a soldier was marching there,
With mus-ket and banner trailing ;
And the music played the funeral air,
That mingles with grief and wailing.
And the music played, &c.

They bore him along in his coffin, proud
As when he rode in his glory ;
And many a sigh on his sable shroud,
Told his high and martial story.
They march'd to the beat of the hollow drum
With slow and measured sadness,
And there ran through the ranks a stifled hum,
But it was not the hum of gladness.
And there run through the ranks, &c.

They bore him along to the battle ground,
Where his life for his home was given ;
Then they stood in solemn stillness round,
And consigned his soul to heaven.
They fired o'er his grave the farewell shot,
And the cannon answered louder ;
Then they thought of the battle when wild and hot,
And their hearts felt sterner and prouder.
Then they thought of the battle, &c.

With quicker step and lighter breath,
And banner spread and flying ;
They marched that day to the field of death,
Their thoughts on aught but dying.
Slowly now to his honored grave,
Where he fell with a patriot's bravery,
They bore the youth who had died to save
His country and home from slavery.
They bore the youth, &c.

WE'RE ALL CUTTING.

AS SUNG BY JOHN W. HUTCHINSON.

(Music published by Firth, Hall & Pond, N. Y.)

We are all cutting, cut, cut, cutting, and we're all cutting our passage
through the world ;

Dame nature cut out man to cut his way through life,
So being termed a cutter we'll compare him to a knife ;
The little baby blade has scarcely drawn his breath,
When a cutting it begins to know, by the cutting of its teeth.
So we're all cutting, cut, cut, cutting, we're all cutting, &c.

Childhood's a doll's knife so delicate and pretty,
And their parents wish their little ones to be considered witty ;
To teach them A. B. C., the first book their Father puts
In the hands of the youngster, is a book full of cuts,
Then follows cutting capers, cutting hoops and cutting tops ;
Then once begun its cutting life, through life it never stops.
So we're all cutting, &c.

Boyhood's a caseknife fit for many uses,
Requiring little management to win him to your wishes ;
Then follows running coaches which shows the cutting time,
If one cuts before, he cries out cut behind :
Then as youth gets bolder, the girls begin to bother,
Falling out with one girl, he cuts her for another.
So we're all cutting, &c.

A beau is a blade stuck in a buck-horn handle,
Who soon will cut his tailor if he does not look out sharp,
Whose only endeavor through life 's to cut a figure,
Behold him when on horseback how he cuts away with vigor ;
And as along he's walking he seems to ask each belle,
O hang it, charming creature, don't you think I cut a swell.
So we're all cutting, &c.

The ladies they are fruit-knives set in pearl and ivory,
Cutting hearts of men according to desert,
At play house, or at opera, at ball, or at a rout,
Their only endeavor is to cut each other out,
The coquette she cuts many hearts to the core,
The widow she is for cutting one loving husband more.
So we're all cutting, &c.

So we're all cutting to find the best rout,
Each one endeavoring to cut each other out ;
Some cut their way through life by cutting a great dash, .

While others cut out pieces, for the sake of ready cash,
 While some they cut out work for the bailiff and the dun,
 And some are so well cut up they're obliged to cut and run.
 So we're all cutting, &c.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

Be kind to each other !
 The night's coming on,
 When friend and when brother,
 Perchance may be gone !
 Then midst our dejection,
 How sweet to have earned
 The blest recollection,
 Of kindness returned.

When day hath departed,
 And Memory keeps
 Her watch, broken-hearted,
 Where all she lov'd sleeps.

Let falsehood assail not,
 Nor envy disprove ;
 Let trifles prevail not
 Against those ye love.

Nor change with to-morrow,
 Should fortune take wing,
 But the deeper the sorrow,
 The closer still cling ;
 Oh ! be kind to each other !
 The night's coming on,
 When friend and when brother,
 Perchance may be gone.

CROWS IN A CORNFIELD.

See yonder cornfield where waves the ripening grain,
 The feathered race alluring, who flock the prize to gain,
 Now careless hopping, flying a young crow light and gay,
 So careless light and gay he hops, so careless light and gay.
 Now cautious, peeping, prying, two old crows sage and gray,
 A man and gun espying, with timely warning say,
 Don't go there ! don't go there ! why not ? why not ? why not ?
 You'll be shot ! you'll be shot ! you'll be shot ! you'll be shot, oh !
 We told you so ! we told you so ! we told you so !
 Caw ! caw ! caw ! says the scout, look out ! look out !
 See he's loading his gun again, we smell powder, my lads,
 We're not to be had, 'tis all but labor in vain,
 All, all in vain you try old birds to catch with chaff,
 We're out of your shot, you stupid old sot, and at you and yours
 We laugh, caw ! caw ! caw !

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Drowned! drowned!"—*Hamlet*.

WORDS BY THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

One more unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death.
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair.

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully,
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her,
Now is pure womanly.

Loop up her tresses,
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses,
While wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Or had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one

Still, and a nearer one
Yet than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun;
Oh! it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full,
Home *she had none*.

The bleak winds of March
Made her tremble and shiver,
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled,
Any where, any where,
Out of the world.

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran!
Over the brink of it,
Picture it, think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair.
Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior;
And leaving, with meekness
Her sins to her Savior.

THE LITTLE MAID.

(Set to music and published by Oliver Ditson, Boston.)

There was a little maid,
 Who wore a little bonnet ;
 She had a little finger,
 With a little ring upon it.
 She pressed her little heart
 To such a little size,
 That it made her little blood
 Rush to her little eyes.

This pretty little maid
 Had a pretty little beau,
 Who wore a little hat,
 And gloves as white as snow.
 He said his little heart
 Was in a little flutter—
 That he loved the little maid,
 And no one but her.

She smiled a little smile,
 When he breath'd his little
 vows ;
 And he kissed her little hand
 With many little bows.
 By little and by little
 Her little heart did yield,
 'Till little tears and sighs
 Her little heart revealed.

A little while—alas !
 And her little beau departed,
 With all his little vows,
 And left her broken hearted,
 Now all ye little maids,
 A moral I will give you,
 Don't trust to little men,
 They surely will deceive you.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

(Set to music, and published by C. Holt, Jr., N. Y.)

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eye-lids heavy and red,
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread.
 Stitch, stitch, stitch,
 In poverty, hunger and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
 She sang the song of the shirt.

Work, work, work,
 While the cock is crowing aloof,
 And work, work, work,
 'Till the stars shine through the roof.
 It is oh ! to be a slave,
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 When woman has never a soul to save,
 If this be Christian work.

Work, work, work,
 'Till the brain begins to swim ;
 Work, work, work,
 'Till the eyes are heavy and dim.
 Seam and gusset and band,
 Band and gusset and seam,
 'Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in a dream.

Oh, men with sisters dear,
 Oh, men with mothers and wives,
 It is not linen you're wearing out,
 But human creature's lives.
 Stitch, stitch, stitch,
 In poverty, hunger and dirt,
 Sewing at once with a double thread,
 A shroud as well as a shirt.

But why do I talk of death,
 That phantom of grisly bone ?
 I hardly fear it's terrible shape,
 It seems so like my own.
 It seems so like my own,
 Because of the fasts I keep ;
 Oh ! God, that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap.

Work, work, work,
 My labor never flags,
 And what are its wages ? a bed of straw,
 A crust of bread and rags.
 That shatter'd roof, and naked floor—
 A table—a broken chair—
 And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
 For sometimes falling there.

Work, work, work,
 From weary chime to chime ;
 Work, work, work,
 As prisoners work for crime,
 Band and gusset and seam,
 Seam and gusset and band,
 'Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
 As well as the weary hand.

Work, work, work,
 In the dull December light,
 And work, work, work,
 When the weather is warm and bright.

THE GRANITE SONGSTER.

While underneath the eaves,
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

Oh, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour,
To feel as I used to feel
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal.

Oh, but for one short hour,
A respite however brief,
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief.
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their being led,
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needles and thread.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eye-lids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Oh! that its tone could reach the rich,
She sang this "song of the shirt."

THE INDIAN'S LAMENT.

(Published by T. J. Marsh, Boston.)

Glide on, my light canoe, glide on,
The morning breeze is free;
I'll guide thee far, far out upon
The wide and troubled sea.
Howl on ye blasts, with all your might,
Hide, hide thyself thou orb of light,
Roll on, ye mountain billows, roll,
The wonders of the deep unfold.

Glide on, and bear me from the sight
 Of yonder shady vale;
 For oh, there is a withering blight
 Spread o'er my native isle.
 The whites have driven us from our home,
 And the waves we're forced to roam;
 There's none to pity, none to save
 The red man from the ocean grave.

Our evening dance is seen no more,
 Its sound has ceased to flow;
 And each one sings a mournful dirge,
 In accents sad and slow.
 The whites have swept our friends away,
 Beneath the turf our fathers lay;
 We soon must join them in death's sleep,
 And leave our homes to mourn and weep.

Shall I, the bravest of the chiefs,
 On this isle make my bed;
 No! no! the white's polluted feet,
 Shall ne'er tread o'er my head.
 I've buried my hatchet 'neath the turf,
 But I will rest beneath the surf,
 The foaming billows shall be my grave,
 For I'll not die the white man's slave.

OFT IN THE CHILLY NIGHT.

WORDS BY J. PIERPONT.

Oft in the chilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 When all her silvery light
 The moon is pouring round me.
 Beneath it's ray I kneel and pray
 That God would give some token,
 That slavery's chains on southern plains,
 Shall all ere long be broken;
 Yes, in the chilly night,
 Though slavery's chain has bound me,
 Kneel I, and feel the might
 Of God's right arm around me.

THE GRANITE SONGSTER.

When at the driver's call,
In cold or sunny weather ;
We slaves, both great and small,
Turn out to toil together.
I feel like one from whom the sun
Had long since departed ;
And morning's light, and weary night,
Still find me broken hearted.
Thus, when the chilly breath
Of night is sighing round me,
Kneel I, and wish that death
In his *cold chain* had bound me.

"HOLY FREEDOM."

BY OLIVER JOHNSON, ESQ.

The bondmen are free in the isles of the main !
The chains from their limbs they are flinging !
They stand up as men !—man never again
In the pride of his heart, shall God's image profane !
It is slavery's song that is ringing !
Hark ! loud comes the cry o'er the bounding sea,
"Freedom ! Freedom ! Freedom, our joy is in thee !"

Alas that to-day, on Columbia's shore,
The groans of her slaves are resounding !
On plains of the south their life blood they pour !
O, freemen ! blest freemen ! your help we implore !
It is slavery's wail that is sounding !
Hark ! loud comes the cry on the southern gale,
"Freedom ! Freedom ! Freedom or death must prevail !"

O, ye, who are blest with fair liberty's light,
With courage and hope all abounding,
With weapons of love be ye bold for the right,
By the preaching of truth put oppression to flight.
Then, your altars surrounding,
Loud, loud let the anthem of joy ring out !
"Freedom ! Freedom ! list all the world to the shout."

THE SISTER'S CALL.

BY REV. S. R. BROWN.

A voice from the spirit land,
A voice from the silent tomb,
Entreats with a sweet command,
Brother, come home.

List, list, 'tis a sister gone,
Unseen, yet where'er I roam,
She calls from her starlit throne,
Brother, come home.

At eve, when the crimson west
Is dyed by the setting sun,
She calls like a spirit blest,
Brother, come home.

Abroad in the still night,
A stranger and all alone,
I hear through the misty light,
Brother, come home.

In dreams of the midnight deep,
When angels of mercy come,
I startle to hear in sleep,
Brother, come home.

When far from my father's hearth,
I sail o'er the white sea foam,
I hear through the storm winds mirth,
Brother, come home.

By sorrow and sin oppressed,
She answers to every moan,
Come here where the weary rest,
Brother, come home.

Ah loved one, I haste to thee,
Soon, soon, shall I reach thy home;
And there wilt thou welcome me—
I come, I come.

GONE, SOLD AND GONE.

WORDS BY WHITTIER.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
 To the rice swamps dark and lone,
 Where the slave whip ceaseless swings,
 Where the noisome insect stings,
 Where the fevered demon strews
 Poison, with the falling dews,
 Where the sickly sunbeams glare
 Through the hot and musty air.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
 To the rice swamps dark and lone,
 From Virginia's hills and waters,
 Wo is me, my stolen daughters.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
 To the rice swamps dark and lone,
 There no mother's eye is near them,
 There no mother's ear can hear them;
 Never when the torturing lash
 Seams their backs with many a gash,
 Shall a mother's kindness bless them,
 Or a mother's arms caress them.

Gone, gone, &c.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
 To the rice swamps dark and lone,
 Oh, when weary, sad and slow,
 From the fields at night they go,
 Faint with toil, and racked with pain,
 To their cheerless homes again—
 There no brother's voice shall greet them—
 There no father's welcome meet them.

Gone, gone, &c.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
 To the rice swamps dark and lone,
 From the tree where shadows lay,
 On their childhood's place of play—
 From the cool spring where they drank,
 Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank—
 From the solemn house of prayer,
 And the holy councils there.

Gone, gone, &c.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
 To the rice swamps dark and lone,
 Toiling through the weary day,—
 And at night the spoiler's prey;
 Oh, that they had earlier died,
 Sleeping calmly side by side,
 Where the tyrant's power is o'er,
 And the fetter galls no more.

Gone, gone, &c.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
 To the rice swamps dark and lone,
 By the holy love he beareth—
 By the bruised reed he spareth.
 Oh, may He to whom alone,
 All their cruel wrongs are known—
 Still their hope and refuge prove,
 With a more than mother's love.

Gone, gone, &c.

HUMBUGGED HUSBAND.

AS SUNG BY J. M. JOHNSON.

Published by Firth & Hall, New York.

She's not what fancy painted her,
 I'm sadly taken in;
 If some one else had won her,
 I should not have cared a pin.
 I thought that she was mild and good
 As maiden e'er could be;
 I wonder how she ever could
 Have so much humbugged me.

They cluster round and shake my hand,
 They tell me I am blest;
 My case they do not understand,
 I think that I know best.
 They say she's fairest of the fair,
 They drive me mad and madder;
 What do they mean by it? I declare
 I only wish they had her.

'Tis true that she has lovely locks,
 That on her shoulders fall—
 What would they say to see the box
 In which she keeps them all.

THE GRANITE SONGSTER.

Her taper fingers it is true,
Are difficult to match;
What would they say, if they but knew
How terribly they scratch?

[From the Temperance Herald.]

TOBACCO.

A leaf from my own experience.—ASAPH.

Some years have passed since I, indeed,
Have neither smoked nor chewed this weed;
My snuff I also threw away,
And have not used it since that day.

My health improved, my mental power
Began to gain that very hour;
Glad friends no longer dreaded death,
By exhalations of my breath.

No person since, has thought the tomb
Would give to *me* untimely room,
And *others*, whom I've ceased to choke
With much saliva, *dust* and smoke.

Will you who smoke, or chew, or snuff
This weed, confess you've used enough?
Then make right effort to abstain,
And soon an easy conquest gain.

NEAR THE LAKE WHERE DROOPED THE
WILLOW.

BY CONSENT OF THE AUTHOR, G. P. MORRIS.

Near the lake where drooped the willow,
Long time ago;
Where the rock threw back the billow,
Brighter than snow;

Dwelt a maid beloved and cherished,
 By high and low ;
 But with autumns leaves she perished,
 Long time ago.

Rock, and tree, and flowing water,
 Long time ago ;
 Bird, and bee, and blossom, taught her
 Love's spell to know ;
 While to my fond words she listened,
 Murmuring low ;
 Tenderly her fond eye glistened,
 Long time ago.

Mingled were our hearts for ever,
 Long time ago ;
 Can I now forget her ? never,
 No, lost one, *no*,
 To her grave, these tears are given,
 Ever to flow ;
 She's the star I miss from heaven,
 Long time ago.

THE GRAVE OF BONAPARTE.

(By permission of the publisher, Oliver Ditson, Boston.)

On a lone barren isle where the wild roaring billows,
 Assail the stern rock, and the loud tempests rave,
 The hero lies still, where the dew-drooping willows,
 Like fond weeping mourners, bend over the grave.
 The lightnings may flash, and the loud thunders rattle, -
 He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all pain ;
 He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,
 No sound can awake him to glory again.

Oh shade of the mighty ! where now are the legions
 That rushed but to conquer when thou led'st them on ?
 Alas ! they have perished in far hilly regions,
 And all, save the fame of their triumph is gone.
 The trumpet may sound, and the loud cannon rattle,
 They heed not, they hear not, they're free from all pain ;
 They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,
 No sound can awake them to glory again.

Yet spirit immortal ! the tomb cannot bind thee,
For like thine own eagle that soar'd to the sun,
Thou springest from bondage, and leavest behind thee
A name which before thee no mortal had won.
Though nation's may combat, and war's thunder rattle,
No more on thy steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain ;
Thou sleeps thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last battle,
No sound can awake thee to glory again.

CALOMEL.

(Set to music and published by Firth, Hall & Pond, No. 1 Franklin Square, New York.)

Physicians of the highest rank,
To pay their fees we need a bank,
Combine all wisdom, art and skill,
Science and sense in Calomel.

When Mr. A. or B. is sick,
Go call the doctor, and be quick ;
The doctor comes with much good-will,
But ne'er forgets his Calomel.

He takes the patient by the hand,
And compliments him as his friend ;
He sits awhile his pulse to feel,
And then takes out his Calomel.

Then turning to the patient's wife,
Have you clean paper, spoon and knife ;
I think your husband would do well,
To take a dose of Calomel.

He then deals out the precious grain—
This, ma'am, I'm sure will ease his pain ;
Once in three hours at toll of bell,
Give him a dose of Calomel.

The man grows worse quite fast indeed,
Go call the doctor, ride with speed ;
The doctor comes like post with mail,
Doubling his dose of Calomel.

The man in death begins to groan,
The fatal job for him is done;
He dies, alas! but sure to tell,
A sacrifice to Calomel.

And when I must resign my breath,
Pray let me die a natural death,
And bid the world a long farewell,
Without one dose of Calomel.

JOHNNY SANDS.

A man whose name was Johnny Sands,
He married Betty Hague;
And though she brought him gold and lands,
She proved a terrible plague.
For, Oh, she was a scolding wife,
Full of caprice and whim;
He said that he was tired of life,
And she was tired of him.
Says he, "then I will drown myself,
The river runs below;"
Says she, "pray do, you silly elf,
I wished it long ago."
Says he, "upon the brink I'll stand,
Do you run down the hill;
And push me in with all your might,"
Says she, "my love, I will."

"For fear that I should courage lack,
And try to save my life;
Pray tie my hands behind my back."
"I will," replied his wife.
She tied them fast, as you may think,
And when securely done,
"Now stand," says she, "upon the brink,
And I'll prepare to run."
All down the hill, his loving bride,
Now ran with all her force
To push him in, he stept aside,
And she fell in, of course.
Now, splashing, dashing like a fish,
"Oh, save me, Johnny Sands;"
"I can't," says he, "though much I wish,
For you have tied my hands."

WESTWARD HO!

BY CONSENT OF THE AUTHOR, G. P. MORRIS, ESQ.

Descriptive of the Journey of a Band of Emigrants across the Alleghanies.

Droop not, brothers, as we go
 O'er the mountains westward ho !
 Under boughs of mistletoe,
 Log huts we'll rear,
 While herds of deer and buffalo
 Furnish the cheer.
 File o'er the mountain,
 Steady, boys ;
 For game afar
 We have our rifles ready, boys,
 Aha ! aha !
 Throw care to the winds,
 Like chaff, boys, ah !
 And join in the laugh, boys,
 Ha ! ha ! ha !
 Cheer up, brothers, as we go,
 O'er the mountains westward ho !
 When we've wood and prairie land,
 Won by our toil.
 We'll reign like kings in fairy land,
 Lords of the soil.
 Then westward, ho ! in legions, boys,
 Fair freedom's star
 Points to our sunset regions, boys,
 Aha ! ha ! ha !
 Throw care, &c.

THE BEREAVED SLAVE MOTHER.

Composed and sung by the Hutchinsons—and respectfully dedicated to Lydia Maria Child, as a token of esteem for her fidelity to humanity, and to the Mothers of New England.

(By permission of the proprietor of the copyright, Henry Prentiss.)

Oh ! deep was the anguish of the slave mother's heart
 When called from her darling for ever to part ;
 So grieved that lone mother, that heart-broken mother,
 In sorrow and woe.

The lash of the master her deep sorrows mock,
While the child of her bosom is sold on the block;
Yet loud shrieked that mother, poor heart-broken mother,
In sorrow and woe.

The babe in return, for its fond mother cries;
While the sound of their wailing together arise;
They shriek for each other, the child and the mother,
In sorrow and woe.

The harsh auctioneer to sympathy cold,
Tears the babe from its mother and sells it for gold!
While the infant and mother, loud shriek for each other,
In sorrow and woe.

At last came the parting of mother and child,
Her brain reel'd with madness—that mother was wild!
Then the *lash* could not smother, the shrieks of that mother,
In sorrow and woe.

The child was borne off to a far distant clime,
While the mother was left in anguish to pine,
But reason departed, and she sunk broken hearted,
In sorrow and woe.

That poor mourning mother of reason bereft,
Soon ended her sorrows, and sunk cold in death,
Thus died that slave mother, poor heart-broken mother,
In sorrow and woe.

Oh! list ye kind mothers to the cries of the slave;
The parents and children implore you to save;
Go, rescue the mothers, the sisters and brothers,
From sorrow and woe.

DOWN EAST.

(By permission of the publisher, Oliver Ditson.)

There's a famous fabled country, never seen by mortal eyes,
Where the pumpkins they are growing, and the sun is said to rise,
Which man doth not inhabit, neither reptile, bird nor beast,
And this famous fabled country is away *Down East*.

It is called a land of notions, of apple-sauce and greens,
A paradise of pumpkin pies, a land of pork and beans,
But where it is, who knoweth? neither mortal man nor beast,
But one thing we're assured of, 'tis away *Down East*.

Once a man in Indiana, took his bundle in his hand,
And came to New York city, to seek this fabled land,
But how he stared on learning what is new to him at least,
That this famous fabled land is further *Down East*.

Then away he puts to Boston, with all his main and might,
And puts up at the Tremont House, quite sure that he was right,
But they tell him in the morning, a curious fact at least,
That he hadn't yet began to get away *Down East*.

Then he hurried off to Portland, with his bundle in his hand,
And sees Mount Joy, great joy for him, for this must be the land,
Poh, man, you're crazy! for doubt not in the least,
You go a long chalk further e'er you find *Down East*.

Then away through mud to Bangor, by which he soils his drabs,
The first that greets his vision, is a pyramid of slabs;
Why, this, says he is Egypt, here's a pyramid at least
And he thought that with a vengeance he had found *Down East*.

Goodness, gracious! yes, he's found it! see how he cuts his pranks,
He's sure he can't get further, for the piles of boards and planks;
So pompously he questions, a Pat of humble caste,
Who tells him he was never yate away *Down Aste*.

But soon he spied a Native, who was up to snuff, I ween,
Who pointing at a precipice says, don't you see something *green*?
Then off he jumped to rise no more, except he lives on yeast,
And this I think should be his drink away *Down East*.

And now his anxious mother whose tears will ever run,
Is ever on the lookout to see her rising son,
But she will strain her eyes in vain I calculate at least,
Her son has set in regions yet away *Down East*.

THE SEASONS.

BY JESSE HUTCHINSON, JR.

(*Music published by Charles Holt, jr., 156 Fulton st., N. Y.*)

Oh sweet the spring with its merry ring,
When the robins chirp and the blue birds sing;
Their voices clear, make glad the ear,
In their welcome songs to the opening year.

Then ho ! farmers, ho !
 To the fields now with beauty adorning;
 With hearts all right, and with spirits bright,
 We'll sing with the birds in the morning.
 Heigh, O ! the farmers go,
 Over the fields to plough and sow.

Oh, where's the mind so unrefined,
 But in the spring glows warm and kind;
 As every morn is fresh new-born,
 And the hills resound with the mellow horn.
 Then, ho ! farmers, ho !
 To the fields now with beauty adorning, &c.

Now full of joy without alloy,
 How merrily sings the farmer's boy,
 His voice he trills like the whip-poor-wills,
 While the sound comes echoing o'er the hills.
 Then ho ! farmers, ho, &c.

And Summer too, in its varied hue,
 With flowrets sweet our pathway straw ;
 All nature's gay at the break of day,
 While the dew perfumes out the new mown hay.
 Then, ho ! farmers, ho !
 To your care and labor bestowing.
 With sickle and scythe, does the farmer thrive,
 Then hie, to your reaping and mowing,
 Heigh, O ! the farmers go,
 Over the fields to reap and mow.

Oh, blithe the hours 'mid fields of flowers,
 When the earth's embalmed with summer showers;
 'Tis then the rain o'er the waving grain,
 Makes nature sing and smile again.
 Then, ho ! farmers, ho, &c.

The sad heart grieves as nature weaves,
 Her winding sheet in the autumn leaves,
 Yet most sublime in the tempest chime,
 Which reminds us all of the harvest time.
 Then, ho ! farmers ho !
 Gather the fruits of your sowing ;
 For the waving corn your fields adorn,
 In token of labor bestowing,
 Heigh O ! the farmers go,
 Gathering the fruits they chose to sow.

When winter drear comes gathering near,
 The songster birds no more we hear,
 Yet dear those spells when music swells,
 O'er the wintry storm in the merry bells.

Then ho! farmers, ho!
 To the wild woods let's be going;
 O'er ice and snow we'll onward go,
 In despite of hurricanes blowing.
 Heigh O, the woodmen go,
 Breaking the roads through drifted snow.

Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter's thrall,
 Bear many a lesson to us all;
 But like the dove, in the land of love,
 They sing of purer springs above.
 Then ho! mortals ho! and hasten to your duty.
 For though we die, like the butterfly,
 We shall rise ere long in new beauty.
 Heigh O, mortals go,—
 Up to the world where joys o'erflow.

Oh, happy he the farmer free,
 In his mountain home of liberty;
 For Heaven gave to the true and brave,
 The hills where ne'er could breathe the slave.
 Then ho! farmers ho! for your's the best vocation,
 God's first command was to till the land,
 In the morning of creation.
 Heigh O, then farmers go,
 Chanting the songs of freedom O.

ALL IS WELL.

What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame,
 Is it death? is it death?
 That soon will quench, will quench this mortal flame,
 Is it death? is it death?
 If this be death! I soon shall be
 From every pain and sorrow free,
 I shall the king of glory see;
 All is well, all is well.

Weep not my friends, my friends weep not for me,
 All is well, all is well;
My sins are pardoned, pardoned, I am free,
 All is well, all is well.
 There's not a cloud that doth arise,
 To hide my Savior from my eyes,
 I soon shall mount the upper skies—
 All is well, all is well.

Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and master calls me.
 All is well, all is well,
I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory,
 All is well, all is well.
 Farewell dear friends, adieu, adieu,
 I can no longer stay with you,
My glittering crown appears in view—
 All is well, all is well.

A BROTHER IS DEAD.

Hark! what is that note,
 So mournful and slow,
 It sends on the winds
 The tidings of woe?
 It sounds like the knell
 Of a spirit that's fled;
 It tells us, alas!
A Brother is dead!

Yes, gone to the grave
 Is he whom we loved;
 And lifeless that form,
 That so manfully moved;
 The clods of the valley
 Encompass his head,
 The marble reminds us,
A Brother is dead!

But marble and urns,
 They never can tell
 The spot where the soul
 Is destined to dwell.

Ye spirits of air
 That surrounded his bed,
 O, speak ye, and tell
 Where *the spirit has fled.*

O, say, have ye heard
 In the heavenly throng,
 That voice once with ours
 Commingled in song?
 O, say, to the courts
 Of our God, have ye led
 The soul that from Earth
For ever has fled.

No voice from the grave,
 No voice from the sky,
 Discloses the deeds
 That are doing on high.
 It need not; Jehovah
 Hath said in his word,
 That "blessed are they
 Who die in the Lord."

WE ARE HAPPY AND FREE.

Published by Firth & Hall, New York.

We are happy and free as a crew could be,
While our bark is sailing o'er the sea ;
Our sheets we heave to the call of the brave,
For we love the home of the ocean wave,
Now our hearts do burn with glee,
As we sail o'er the rippling sea.

Let us all unite in love, trusting in the God above ;
Let us all united be in the cause of liberty ;
Merrily now we row along, row along, row along,
Merrily now we row along, over the dark blue sea.

THE OLD GRANITE STATE.

SECOND PART.—AS SUNG BY THE HUTCHINSONS IN ENGLAND.

Embracing the Names and History of the Twelve Sons and Daughters composing the Hutchinson Family.

We are going to the mountains,
We are going to the mountains,
We are going to the mountains,
Of the old Granite State.
We're a band of brothers,
And we live among the hills ;
With a band of music
We are passing round the world.

There we hope to meet our parents,
There we hope to meet our parents,
There we hope to meet our parents,
In the old Granite State.
We obtained their blessing,
And we bless them in return.
Good old-fashioned singers,
They can make the air resound.

We have seven other brothers,
 And of sisters just another,
 Besides our father and our mother,
 In the old Granite State.
 With our present number,
 There are fourteen in the tribe,
 'Tis the tribe of Jesse,
 And our several names we sing.

David, Noah, Andrew, Zepha,
 Caleb, Joshua, and Jesse,
 Judson, Rhoda, John and Asa;
 And Abby are our names.
 We're the sons of Mary,
 Of the tribe of Jesse,
 And we now address ye,
 With our native mountain song.

We are all real yankees,
 Yes, we're all real yankees,
 And our motto's "go-a-head."
 And by prudent *guessing*
 Hope to *whittle* through the world.

Though we're neither politicians,
 Lawyers, parsons, or physicians,
 Yet define we our positions,
 In the Old and New World.
 We are all Teetotallers,
 And have all signed the pledge,
 We are all Teetotallers,
 And determined to keep the pledge

And we're friends of emancipation,
 In its broadest acceptation,
 This we sing through every nation,
 From the Old Granite State
 We are all friends of freedom,
 And will plead the right of *all*,
 Men should love each other,
 Nor let hatred smother,
 Every man's a brother,
 And our COUNTRY IS THE WORLD.

From the Boston Courier.

OLD TIMES AND NEW.

*Read at the New England Society's Festival at New York, Dec.
27, 1846, by Allen C. Spooner; of Boston.*

'Twas in my easy chair at home,
About a week ago,
I sat and puffed my light segar
As usual, you must know.

I mused upon the pilgrim flock
Whose luck it was to land
Upon almost the only rock
Among the Plymouth sand.

In my mind's eye I saw them leave
Their weather-beaten bark—
Before them spread the wintry wilds,
Behind, rolled ocean dark.

Alone that little handful stood
While savage foes lurked nigh,
Their creed and watchword, "Trust in God,
And keep your powder dry."

Imagination's pencil then
That first stern winter painted,
When more than half their number died
And stoutest spirits fainted.

A tear unhidden filled one eye,
My smoke *had* filled the other;
One sees strange sights at such a time,
Which quite the senses bother.

I knew I was alone—but lo!
(Let him who dares deride me)—
I looked, and drawing up a chair,
Down sat a man beside me.

His dress was ancient, and his air
Was somewhat strange and foreign—
He civilly returned my stare,
And said, "I'm Richard Warren!

"You'll find my name among the list
Of hero, sage and martyr,
Who, in the Mayflower's cabin, signed
The first New England charter.

"I *could* some curious facts impart—
Perhaps, some wise suggestions—
But then, I'm bent on seeing sights,
And running o'er with questions."

"Ask on," said I, "I'll do my best
To give you information,
Whether of private men you ask,
Or our renowned nation."

Says he, "First tell me what is that
In your compartment narrow,
Which seems to dry my eye-balls up,
And scorch my very marrow."

His fingers pointed to the grate—
Said I;—"That's Lehigh coal,
Dug from the earth"—he shook his head
"It is, upon my soul!"

I then took up a bit of stick,
One end was black as night,
And rubbed it quick across the hearth,
When lo, a sudden light!

My guest drew back, uprolled his eyes,
And strove his breath to catch—
"What necromancy's that?" he cried—
Quoth I, "A friction match."

Upon a pipe just overhead,
I turned a little screw,
When forth with instantaneous flash,
Three streams of lightning flew.

Up rose my guest; "Now Heaven me save,"
Aloud he shouted, then
"Is that hell fire?" "'Tis gas," said I,
"We call it hydrogen."

Then forth into the fields we strolled,
A train came thundering by,
Drawn by the snorting iron steed,
Swifter than eagles fly.

Rumbled the wheels, the whistle shrieked,
 Far streamed the smoky cloud,
 Echoed the hills, the valleys shook,
 The flying forests bowed.

Down on his knees, with hands upraised
 In worship, Warren fell—
 "Great is the Lord our God," cried he—
 "He doeth all things well.

"I've seen His chariots of fire,
 The horsemen, too, thereof;
 O, may I never provoke His ire,
 Nor at his threatenings scoff."

"Rise up my friend, rise up," said I,
 "Your terrors all are vain—
 That was no chariot of the sky,
 'Twas the New York mail train."

We stood within a chamber small—
 Men came the news to know,
 From Worcester, Springfield, and New York,
 Texas and Mexico.

It came—it went—silent but sure—
 He stared, smiled, burst out laughing;
 "What witchcraft's that?"—"It's what we call
 Magnetic telegraphing."

Once more we stepped into the street;
 Said Warren, "What is that
 Which moves along across the way
 As softly as a cat?"

"I mean the thing upon two legs,
 With feathers on its head—
 A monstrous hump below the waist,
 Large as a feather bed.

"It has the gift of speech I hear;
 But sure it can't be human?"
 "My amiable friend," said I,
 "That's what we call a woman."

"Eternal powers! it cannot be,"
 Sighed he, with voice that faltered;
 "I loved the women in my day,
 But oh! they're strangely altered."

I showed him then a new machine
 For turning eggs to chickens,
 A labor-saving *henner*
 That beats the very dickens.

Thereat, he strongly grasped my hand,
 And said, "'Tis plain to see
 This world is so *transmogrified*,
 'Twill never do for me.

" Your telegraphs, your railroad trains,
 Your gas lights, friction matches,
 Your hump-backed women, rocks for coal,
 Your thing which chickens hatche,

Have turned the earth so upside down,
 No peace is left within it,"
 Then, whirling round upon his heel,
 He vanished in a minute.

Forthwith, my most voracious pen
 Wrote down what I had heard,
 And here, dressed up in doggerel rhyme,
 You have it, word for word.

LAMENT OF THE WIDOWED INEBRIATE.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

I'm thinking on thy smiles, Mary,
 Thy bright and trusting smile—
 In the morning of our youth and love,
 Ere sorrow came—or guile;
 When thine arms were twined around my neck
 And mine eyes looked into thine,
 And the heart that throbbed for me alone,
 Was nestling close to mine!

I see full many a smile, Mary,
 On young lips beaming bright;
 And many an eye of light and love
 Is flashing in my sight;
 But the smile is not for my poor heart,
 And the eye is strange to me,
 And a loneliness comes o'er my soul,
 When its memory turns to thee!

I'm thinking on the night, Mary,
 The night of grief and shame,
 When with drunken ravings on my lips,
 To thee I homeward came ;
 O, the tear was in thine earnest eye,
 And thy bosom wildly heaved,
 Yet a smile of love was on thy cheek,
 Though the heart was sorely grieved.

But the smile soon left thy lips, Mary,
 And thine eye grew dim and sad :
 For the tempter lured my steps from thee,
 And the tempter drove me mad :
 From thy cheek the roses quickly fled,
 And thy ringing laugh was gone,
 Yet thy heart still fondly clung to me,
 And still kept trusting on.

O, my words were harsh to thee, Mary,
 For the wine cup made me wild,
 And I chid thee when thine eyes were sad,
 And cursed thee when they smiled.
 God knows I loved thee then,
 But the fire was in my brain,
 And the curse of drink was in my heart,
 To make my love a bane.

'Twas a pleasant home of ours, Mary,
 In the spring time of our life,
 When I looked upon thy sunny face,
 And proudly called thee, wife—
 And 'twas pleasant when our children played
 Before our cottage door ;
 But the children sleep with thee, Mary,
 I ne'er shall see them more.

Thou'rt resting in the church-yard now,
 And no stone is at thy head ;
 But the sexton knows that a drunkard's wife
 Sleeps in that lowly bed ;
 And he says the hand of God, Mary,
 Will fall with crushing weight
 On the wretch who brought thy gentle life
 To its untimely fate.

But he knows not of the broken heart
 I bear within my breast,
 Nor the heavy load of vain remorse
 That will not let me rest ;

He knows not of the sleepless nights,
 When dreaming of thy love,
 I seem to see thine angel eyes
 Look coldly from above.

I have raised the wine cup in my hand,
 And the wildest strains I've sung,
 Till with the laugh of drunken mirth
 The echoing air has rung;
 But a pale, a sorrowing face looked out
 From the glittering cup on me,
 And a trembling whisper I have heard
 That I fancied breathed by thee.

Thou art slumbering in the peaceful grave,
 And thy sleep is dreamless now,
 But the seal of an undying grief
 Is on thy mourner's brow,
 And my heart is chill as thine, Mary,
 For the joys of life have fled,
 And I long to lay my aching breast
 With the cold and silent dead.

From the New Haven Courier.

THE RETURN OF THE HUTCHINSONS.

We welcome them back, that minstrel band
 From the wild, blue hills of their mountain land;
 We welcome them home from their wanderings free,
 In the far off lands beyond the sea.
 Through England's vales, and the sunny bowers
 That are kissed by balmier winds than ours;
 For we know that their hearts are with us still,
 That memories old in their bosoms thrill;
 For hearts like theirs, through the steps may roam,
 Must turn to their loved New England home.

Yes, turn with affection pure and strong;
 It gushes forth in their voice of song,
 From the harmonies sweet which o'er us steal,
 The warm outpourings of hearts that feel.
 As the bird unloosed will seek its nest,
 They turn to that spot they love the best,
 Though brightly is beaming the light of Fame,
 It will ne'er out dazzle the holy flame
 Which burns on the spirits hidden shrine,
 A thought of Home and its spells divine,

The hallowed link no change can sever
Which must bind such spirits as theirs for ever.

Oh ! to hear those choral voices float
On the evening air, *one* sad, sweet note
Of a voice as soft as an angel's sigh,
Could we fancy it floating from the sky,
And one which makes the spirit thrill
Like a clarion note, so loud and shrill ;
One, full and deep, when it sounds alone,
Like an organ's lowest and deepest tone,
One rich and clear, and the four combine
In a strain of harmony half divine.

Oh ! who has not sat entranced to hear
The fearless song of the " Mountaineer,"
And yearned to climb o'er the wild, blue hills,
With the frowning crags and their glancing rills,
To gain the summit and look below,
With his wild, exulting cry, Ho ! Ho !
And to feel that every wind that blew,
Was thrilling his spirit through and through,
And longing to cast the earthly aside,
And soar away in his fearless pride,
Like our own proud eagle, so wild and free
In the mountain air of Liberty !

But the heart will own a deeper spell
When the changeful notes of " Excelsior " swell,
Now full of hopes of the unattained,
And yearnings for that which he hath not gained ;
Now soft and sad, while the maiden woos,
Grieving but firm are the tones which refuse,
The words of warning which meet his ear,
And the low reply, far off but clear,
The voice of wailing which echoes round
When the tenantless clay at morn is found,
And the spirit tone from the heavens afar,
In its slow descent " like a falling star."

We feel they have shrined by their glorious art
The gushings forth of the poet's heart
And other themes of song have they,
The solemn and sad, the merry and gay.
Long it may be ere we hear again
Those tuneful voices awake a strain
Which shall thrill our hearts by the power of song,
And awake its chords which have slumbered long.
If earthly voices our ears may greet
With strains so heavenly clear and sweet,
So full of the spirit of harmony,
What must the songs of the angels be ?

E. G. B.

THE ORIGIN OF YANKEE DOODLE.

By Permission of Mr. J. F. Atwill, 201 Broadway, the publisher of the Music.

Once on a time old Johnny Bull,
 Flew in a raging fury ;
 And swore that Jonathan should have,
 No trials, Sir, by Jury.
 That no elections should be held,
 Across the briny waters,
 " And now," said he, " I'll tax the Tea,
 Of all his sons and daughters."
 Then down he sate, in burly state,
 And bluster'd like a grandee,
 And in derision made a tune,
 Call'd, " Yankee Doodle Dandy."
 "Yankee doodle," these are facts,
 Yankee doodle dandy ;
 My son of wax, your tea I'll tax,
 Yankee doodle dandy.

John sent the Tea, from o'er the sea,
 With heavy duties rated ;
 But whether Hy-on or Bohon,
 I never heard it stated.
 Then Jonathan to pout began,
 He laid a strong embargo ;
 " I'll drink no Tea, by Jove," so he,
 Threw overboard the cargo.
 Then Johnny sent a regiment,
 Big words and looks to bandy,
 Whose martial band, when near the land,
 Play'd "Yankee doodle dandy."
 "Yankee doodle, keep it up,
 Yankee doodle dandy !
 I'll poison with a tax your cup,
 Yankee doodle dandy."

A long war then they had ; in which
 John was at last defeated,
 And "Yankee doodle" was the march,
 To which his troops retreated.
 Cute Jonathan, to see them fly,
 Could not restrain his laughter ;
 "That tune," said he, " suits to a T,
 I'll sing it ever after."
 Old Johnny's face, to his disgrace,
 Was flushed with beer and brandy,

E'en while he swore, to sing no more,
 This "Yankee doodle dandy."
 "Yankee doodle, ho, ha, he,
 Yankee doodle dandy;
 We kept the tune, but not the tea,
 Yankee doodle dandy."

I've told you now the origin,
 Of this most lively ditty,
 Which Johnny Bull dislikes as dull
 And stupid! what a pity.
 With "Hail Columbia," it is sung,
 In chorus full and hearty;
 On land and main, we breathe the strain,
 John made for his tea party.
 No matter how we rhyme the words,
 The music speaks them handy,
 And where's the fair, can't sing the air,
 Of "Yankee doodle dandy."
 "Yankee doodle, firm and true,
 Yankee doodle dandy;
 Yankee doodle, doodle, doo,
 Yankee doodle dandy."

THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING.

Published by permission of O. Ditson, of Boston.

There's a good time coming boys,
 A good time coming;
 There's a good time coming boys,
 Wait a little longer.
 We may not live to see the day,
 But earth shall glisten in the ray,
 Of the good time coming;
 Cannon balls may aid the truth,
 But thought's a weapon stronger;
 We'll win our battle by its aid,
 Wait a little longer.
 Oh, there's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming boys,
 A good time coming;
 The pen shall supersede the sword.
 And right, not might shall be the lord,
 In the good time coming.
 Worth not birth shall rule mankind,
 And be acknowledged stronger,

The proper impulse has been given,
Wait a little longer.
Oh, there's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming boys,
A good time coming ;
Hateful rivalries of creed,
Shall not make their martyrs bleed,
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger ;
And Charity shall trim her lamp,
Wait a little longer.
Oh, there's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming boys,
A good time coming ;
War in all men's eyes shall be,
A monster of iniquity,
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger ;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake,
Wait a little longer.
Oh, there's a good time, &c.

THE MOUNTAINS.

Words by E. H. Coggin, Music by Joshua Hutchinson.

The Mountains, the Mountains,
A song to the Mountains,
Where nature's dominion for ever prevails,
Where the scream of the Eagle, in solitudes regal,
Is borne like a clarion blast on the gales.
O the vale rose is sweet in its balm-laden air,
But the mountain-wreath'd laurel is blooming as fair ;
And its delicate hue, in the chrystalline dew,
Redeemingly softens the loneliness there.

The Mountains, the Mountains,
The storm-braving mountains,
They rise from the Hudson's magnificent tide,
Far up in the azure-like visions of pleasure,
To bask in the day-beam, the tempest to bide.
Encircling the vale of Wyoming they seem,
Like ramparts of emerald adorning a dream ;
Receding in mist the horizon is kissed,
'Till mantled and mingled they fade in its gleam.

The Mountains, the Mountains,
 A sigh for the mountains,
 Alone I have roamed through their wilds in the morn ;
 When my spirit was light as the vapor whose flight,
 Reveiled all their summits in splendor new born.
 And now when the spectres of bliss are no more,
 And the last of my dreamings perchance may be o'er,
 I sigh for the mountains where gush the bright fountains.
 And where like a child I might gaze and adore.

THE BIGOT FIRE.

Written on the occasion of George Latimer's Imprisonment in Leverett street Jail, Boston.

BY JOHN RAMSDELL.

Oh kindle not that bigot fire,
 'Twill bring disunion, fear and pain ;
 'Twill rouse at last the souther's ire,
 And burst our starry land in twain.

Theirs is the high the noble worth,
 The very soul of chivalry ;
 Bend not our blood-bought land apart,
 For such a thing as slavery.

This is the language of the North,
 I shame to say it but 'tis true ;
 And anti-slavery calls it forth,
 From some proud priests and laymen too.

What ! bend forsooth to southern rule ?
 What ! cringe and crawl to souther's clay,
 And be the base, the supple tool,
 Of hell-begotten slavery ?

No ! never while the free air plays,
 O'er our rough hills and sunny fountains,
 Shall proud New England's sons be *free*,
 And clank their fetters round her mountains.

Go if ye will and grind in dust,
 Dark Afric's poor, degraded child ;
 Wring from his sinews gold accursed,
 And boast your gospel warm and mild.

While on our mountain tops the pine,
 In freedom her green branches wave,
 Her sons shall never stoop to bind,
 The galling shackle of the slave.

Ye dare demand with haughty tone,
 For us to pander to your shame,
 To give our brother up alone,
 To feel the lash and wear the chain.

Our brother never shall go back,
 When once he presses our free shore ;
 Though souther's power with hell to back,
 Comes thundering at our northern door.

No ! rather be our starry land,
 Into a thousand fragments riven ;
 Upon our own free hills we'll stand,
 And pour upon the breeze of heaven,
 A curse so loud, so stern, so deep,
 Shall start ye in your guilty sleep.

LAMENT OF THE BLIND ORPHAN GIRL.

Published by permission of Mr. J. F. Atwill, 201 Broadway, N. York.

They tell me the earth is most lovely and fair,
 Bedecked with sweet blossoms which God hath placed there,
 Oh would I could see them, though fleeting the view,
 Methinks I should ever retain their bright hue :
 Then the glorious sun with his mantle of gold,
 And the silvery moon that such brilliance unfold,
 And the bright chain of stars that round them are twined,
 O when shall I see them, I'm blind, O, I'm blind.

I've a sweet little brother with heart full of glee,
 Who lisps in my ear, dear sister Mary ;
 I clasp his light form in my trembling embrace,
 And pray for one glimpse of his dear sunny face ;
 I feel his soft ringlets float over my cheek,
 When up to my neck he climbeth to speak,
 And with his soft arms round me lovingly twin'd,
 He whispers, dear sister, are you blind ? are you blind :

My father, dear father, I loved so to greet,
 And kind, gentle mother whose voice was so sweet,
 When they bore them away and whispered they're dead,
 I wept that my spirit with these had not fled :
 And while o'er these idols the warm tears did start,
 A voice whispered peace to the orphan's lone heart,
 It breathed of a home where the lost I should find,
 And murmur no more, I'm blind, I'm blind.

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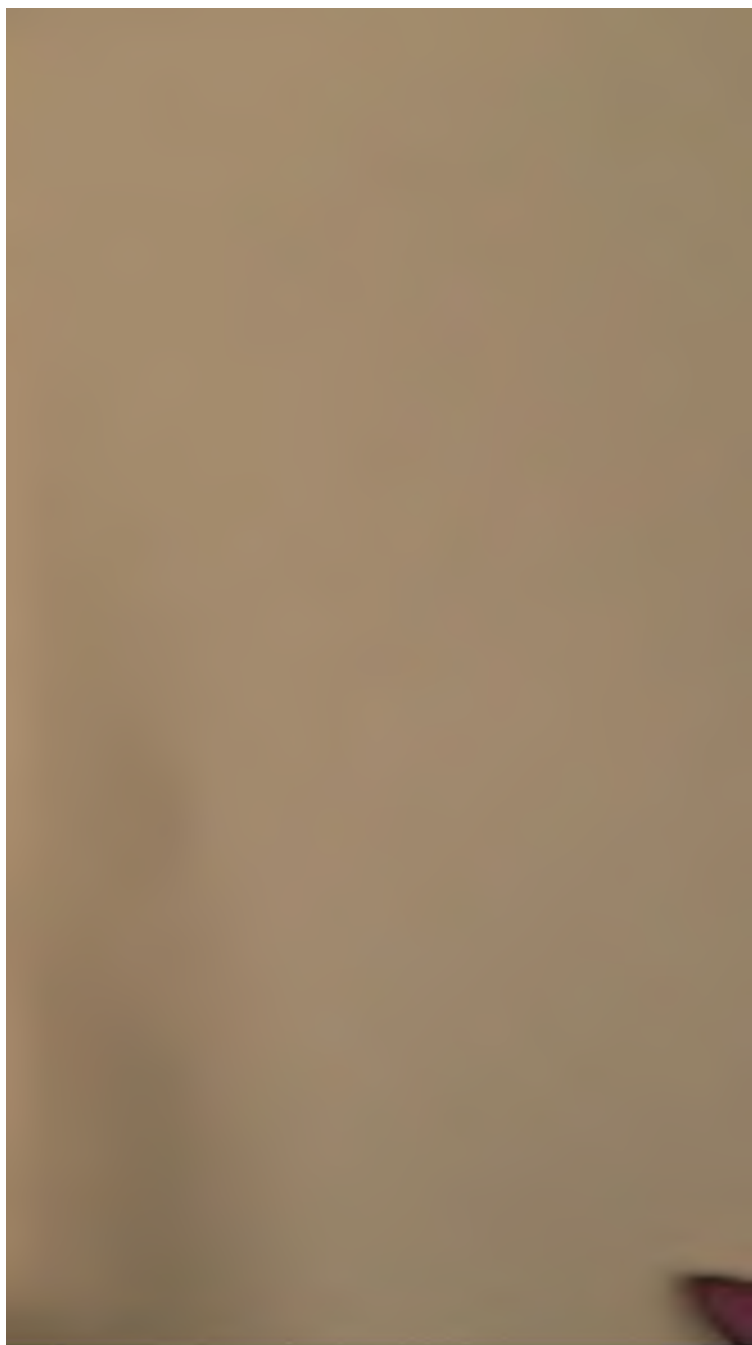
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